



n. y. — I woodent want to be a preecher becaus I wood have to stay dressed up all day Sundy and coodent play short with the junior flants eether, which is the 9 neer where we live.

but slim williams, who is a whale of a southpa, never thought of that i betcher when the preecher comed over to their house yesterday.

If he had he woodent never have put hisself on the fritz with his ma the way he did

slim's ma was blowing about slim to beat the band, & she told the preecher walter (that is slim's reglar name) is going to be a ministir when he grows up, for he has offen eckpressed grate admarashun for the cloth (she ment a preechering job by cloth, which is the high brow way of saying it.)

that is nice, replys the preecher, and now, walter will you tell me why you want to be a clergiman

cause i wood ruther be standing up hollering than sitting down in church listining to sum other guy doing the hollering

the preecher purtended he dident here good, but it sure did settel slim's hash with his ma

#### BLAME THE ECHO

Tourist (at cafe in Alps)—Walter, you have put me down for two bottles of wine and I've only had one.

Walter—Very sorry, sir; I'm new here and I can't get used to the echo from the mountains.

#### FROM VAUDEVILLE

(Society Buds)

The Short Butler (hearing the doorbell)—What was that? O, yes; excuse me, ladies. Every time I hear a bell I get excited. I used to be a fire horse.

One of the Buds to Short Butler—It seems I have seen you somewhere.

Short Butler—It's quite possible—I've often been there.

The Chauffeur—Now. I'll tell you boys how to make a hit with the ladies. They love riddles. Here's a new one. Why is a man playing poker at 4 o'clock in the morning like Buffalo?

The Butlers—Why?

Chauffeur—Well, one stays up late and the other lays up state.

#### NATURALLY

Sambo—Rastus, what did yo open de jackpot with?

Rastus—A razor, man!

